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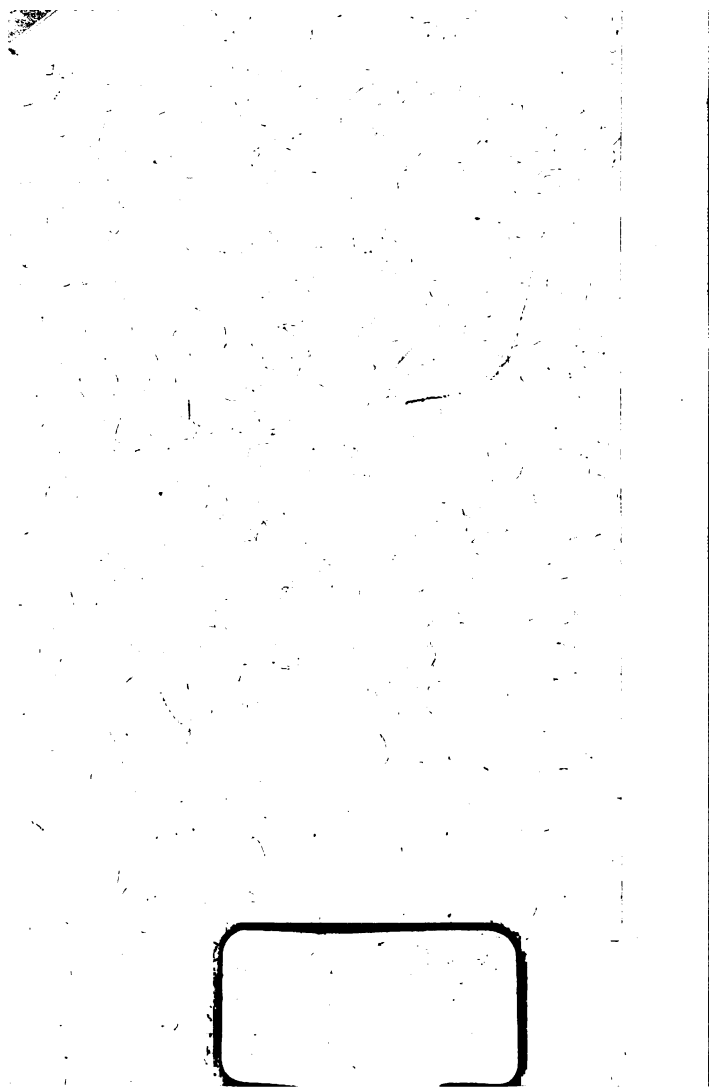
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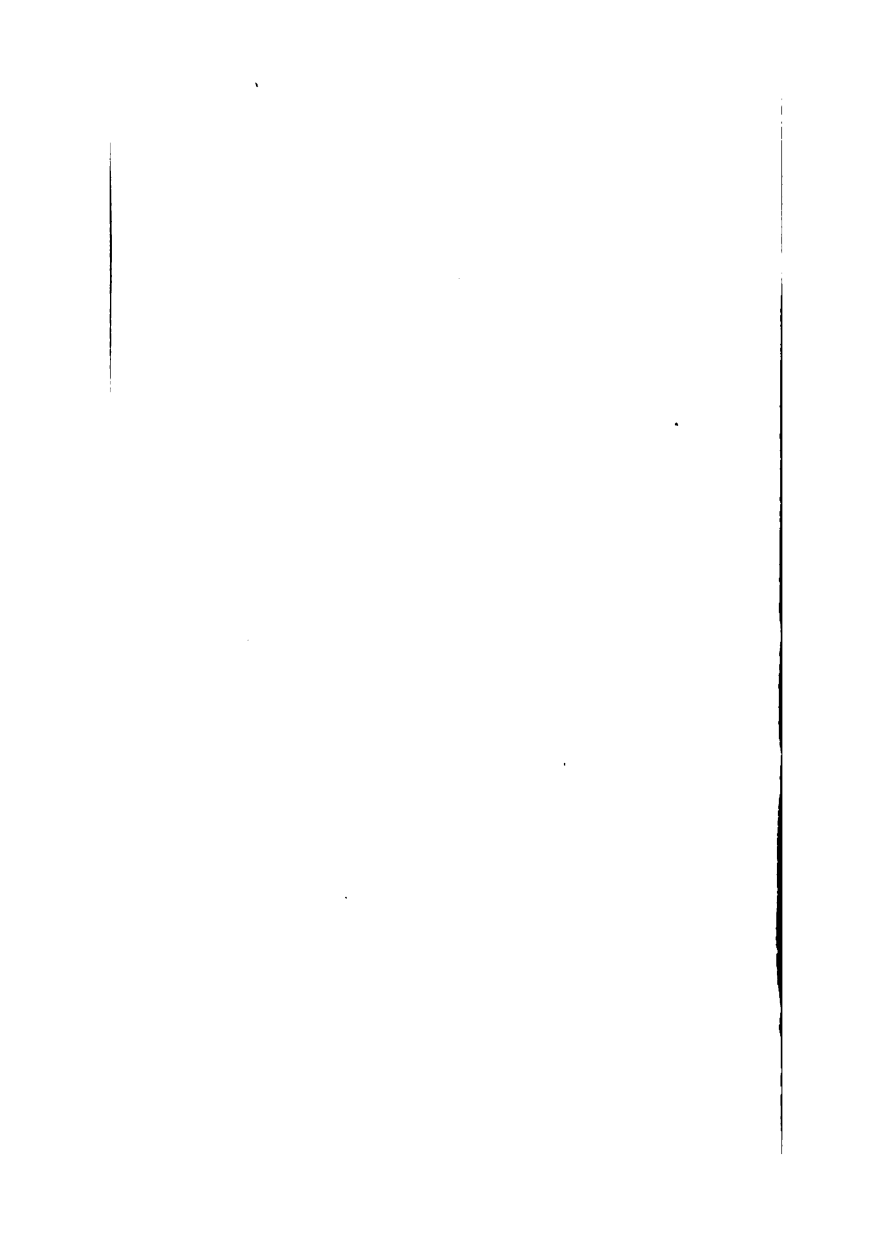
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**FRONTISPIECE.**



"It has often been a matter of pleasant entertainment to me to watch the varied features of those who are to be my travelling companions, and endeavor to divine by physiognomy the various motives that have changed their stationary condition."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

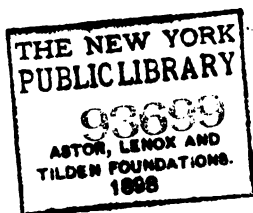
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**HEADS AND TALES**  
**OF**  
**TRAVELLERS & TRAVELLING,**  
**A BOOK**  
**FOR EVERYBODY, GOING ANYWHERE,**  
**BY E. L. BLANCHARD,**



**"GO ON A-HEAD!"—*River Reminiscences.***

**ILLUSTRATED BY F. G. DELAMOTTE.**

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	<b>PAGE,</b>
INTRODUCTION -	7
CHAPTER I.	
TOURISTS - -	15
CHAPTER II.	
OF STAGE COACHES, AND MATTERS THEREUNTO APPERTAINING - - -	24
CHAPTER III.	
OF PEDESTRIANS AND PEDESTRIANISM	36
CHAPTER IV.	
OF COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS - -	43
CHAPTER V.	
CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING - -	58

	PAGE.
CHAPTER VI.	
RAILWAYS - - - - -	69
CHAPTER VII.	
STEAMBOATS - - - - -	77
CHAPTER VIII.	
MARINE EXCURSIONS - - - - -	88
CHAPTER IX.	
MINERAL WATERS - - - - -	97
CHAPTER X.	
THE CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICER - - - - -	99
CONCLUSION. - - - - -	104



## INTRODUCTION.



HE originator of that great plagiarism, the "Dictionary of the English Language," — there is not a single word in it but what has been taken from other authors—once affirmed, "that all travelling has its advantages ;

if it leads a man to a better country he learns to improve his own, if to a worse to enjoy it." The learned lexicographer was quite right.



Since that period when Dr. Johnson flourished, and the York mail set out for London once a week, and reached it in three days—*tempora mutantur* ! we have almost arrived at that perfection of speed which could transfer a passenger from the Land's end to John o'-Groats, by incorporating him with the Electric Telegraph, and whirling him from Penzance to the Orkneys, before he could utter the sponsorial appellation of Mr. John Robinson. We can fancy the ponderous penman of the "Rambler" mystified by the transit of the trains, and advising us, after his own sonorous fashion, thus :—"The physiology, sir, of travelling and travellers which is proposed to be the prominent characteristic of this portable duodecimo, should present an animated picture of that unceasing movement which is constantly impelling mutable humanity forwards and backwards, upwards and downwards, left and right, over the solid, or fluid, or gaseous portions of the world. To make the attempt is to achieve something, but to achieve what is attempted, is to create a wonder for posterity."

There is indeed a wide field open. Taking advantage of the numberless varieties of loco-

motion, we might tempt you in turn to make trial of all the means of transport which civilization, chance, and conveyance-companies have provided, at different time, for the exportation of the biped species. These are capable of some sixteen thousand subdivisions, from the skates on which the Dutch milkwoman skims with her merchandise to market, to that original specimen of vehicular architecture which is usually symbolized in the vernacular, as a pony belonging to an imaginary gentleman known as "Shanks." We might, with



the leverage of our steel pen, raise you on to the back of the king of Siam's white Elephant, where the punishment of such equitation is decapitation, or poise you,

*à-la-Bunn.* on the hump of a dromedary,

possessing the advantage over our horses of being at once a quadruped and a carriage. We might insist upon your right to accompany us on a Russian sledge, and treat you to a botanical lecture in the midst of mosses and lichens, which serve as Siberian nourishment both to the traveller and his reined reindeers, when other aliments fail ; or under other climes and other pretences take you to Seringapatam, where, instead of hiring cabs at eightpence the hour, you engage blacks by



the day, and bamboozle them with bamboo.

But we are merciful. It would take both of us too far out of our way ; we will confine our marvels to miniatures ; and visiting merely our

own land, or that of our immediate neighbours, limit our peregrinations merely to those regions where our countrymen are most likely to travel.

The essentials of travelling may be briefly enumerated.

As far as luggage is concerned,—mark how the word hangs back upon the tongue, was there ever a more expressive name?—have none of it! If you want anything more than what can be conveniently dropped into your coat pocket, take a carpet bag. There is a popular tradition that a carpet bag will hold anything: we believe it. It is the very encyclopædia of light articles, possessing, like a London Omnibus, the algebraic property of containing within itself an unknown quantity. It has a perfect aldermanic capacity for stuffing; its limits are as indefinable as the Oregon territory. Nature herself could not manifest a greater antipathy to a vacuum. Into this expansive receptacle cram everything you want to take, from a top-coat to a tooth-brush, and you have always a portable wardrobe at your disposal, that may at any time be swung from your hand, free from the extortionate

grasp of tavern-porters, and all of that ilk. Anything in the shape of a box, is an abomination which no traveller should ever encumber himself with, except he be going on a pilgrimage of penance.

The next essential is a stick. Not a light, flimsy, fragile, fanciful cane for show, but a sound, seasoned, substantial stick for use. If alone it supplies the place of a companion; if in society, it will be found a marvellous assistant to a tired pedestrian. Besides having other uses on which it would be of no use to descant, it keeps the muscles of the arms in play, and furnishes a desirable means of communication with what may be out of arm's reach. Some travellers patronize umbrellas instead; useful implements to ward off an occasional shower, we admit, but—to confess the truth, we have always had a sort of sneaking contempt for umbrellas. Carrying one on a pleasure trip, invariably appears to us like a wilful invitation of wet days, a pre-supposition of everything that is damp, dull, and disagreeable,—a display of sceptical infidelity in the existence of sunshine. Your true tourist has no business with an umbrella,—that he can have

any pleasure with it is beyond the limits of credulity.

Occasionally—such things have happened—one may feel inclined, for the sake of refreshing rest, to lounge away an intervening hour between noon and sunset, in a cosy arm-chair, beside the pleasant prospect-yielding bow-window of some inviting roadside hostel. Then it is that the antiquated London newspaper, or the crumpled local gazette, with which you are considerably furnished by mine host, is found to be too obtrusive in its dry details of matters mundane to be in complete unison with the dreamy tone of your mind. This is the time when the favourite pocket volume—might we modestly suggest ours?—may be advantageously perused, and a fresh interest be found imparted to every passage. Never venture on even a day's excursion without being thus fortified against ennui, without having thus some genial interpreter at hand of the heart's best and kindest emotions. Should some vague sensation of dreariness thus attack you on a wet day at a country inn, you can thrust your hand into your coat pocket, and pluck forth—a companion.

And lastly the Tourist should always have ringing in his ears, the glorious outburst of Thomson,

"I care not Fortune what you me deny,  
You cannot rob me of fair Nature's grace,  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,  
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace  
The woods and lawns, &c."

A collection of such quotations as these—and there are many such—will be found worthy of admission into the mental treasury of every true lover of Nature.

And now having come to the end of our introduction—that like a typographical finger-post serves to indicate the way—let us get between our hat and boots perpendicularly, and be off. *Allons !*



## CHAPTER I.

### TOURISTS.

"Now there is nothing gives a man such *spinta*,  
Leavening his blood as cayenne does a *curry*,  
As going at full speed, no matter where its  
Direction be, so 'tis but in a hurry.  
And merely for the sake of its own merits;  
For the less cause there is for all this flurry,  
The greater is the pleasure in arriving  
At the great end of Travel—which is driving."

BYRON.



**T**OURISTS form a class more susceptible of illustration by the pencil than the pen. They are too volatile in their nature—too evanescent in their existence to be easily calotyped on paper. Your genuine Tourist is no sooner *here*, than he is *THERE!* a kind of Wieland of every day life, of whose stationary presence you are never certain five minutes together. The



meditative fly that coolly perambulates the map of Europe suspended in your study, and stalks from the North Pole to the Mediterranean, before you have time to whisk him off with your handkerchief, scarcely scampers over the whole continent with more speed. One would innocently imagine him to be the philosopher who, having discovered the perpetual motion, was carrying out its first principles in a selfish possession of its exclusive privileges. The worthy burgomaster in the Dutch legend might have left him the cork leg as his sole legatee. He appears to have continually ringing in his ears the energetic injunction of some phantom policeman, who perpetually calling out "*move on,*" leaves his victim no peace. His great aim seems to be the solution of a mathematical problem, which involves the question of getting over the greatest possible amount of ground in the smallest possible amount of time. He goes off like a sky-rocket, with the additional feature of taking his stick along with him. The period of his return is about as uncertain as that of the last newly-discovered comet, and—whew! but he has put us out of breath already. Such is the Tourist who merely travels for the sake of travelling—a definition that includes a greater number of persons enumerated in the latest census than staid, stay-at-home people have any idea of. He may have drank cham-

pagne in goblets on the Rhine, and sipped his *Kirchenwasser* on the Alps—he may have quaffed Burgundy in Paris, and soothed himself with sherbet in Turkey—swallowed his sherry on the top of Trajan's pillar, and imbibed his claret fifty-fathom ocean deep in a diving-bell—hobbed and nobbed brandy over the heights of Chimborazo, or sucked a Sherry Cobler under the Falls of Niagara, yet if his mind hath not been as excursive as his body, shall he be outshone in real knowledge by the veriest charity-boy that ever played leap-frog with the posts down St. Giles's. But we grow splenetic in our survey—another whiff from our meerschaum and—lo! our gall hath changed to honey—inky benevolence trickles down our quill, bland and bounteous like summer heat-drops, and flows between the margins of our page in a stream of gentle suavity. We think of the law of libel—and forbear.

The motives of travelling are as numerous as the travellers themselves. Some—and these are the majority—go out of town because others have gone out of town before them, and they like not lingering behind. They go through the usual routine of booking one place and looking at another, and then when October takes leave of the Calendar for that year, they turn up simultaneously in Fleet-street, and flatter themselves into the belief of having been legitimate Tourists, though the extent of

their country peregrinations has been probably that parliamentary progression that has led them from the commons to the piers, and from the piers back again to the commons.

Another Tourist—afflicted with Hamlet's malady—will venture five hundred miles from London Bridge because he hopes, like the sagacious king of Denmark, that

"Haply the seas and countries different,  
With variable objects, shall expel  
This something settled matter in his heart,  
Whereon his brain still beating, puts him thus  
From fashion of himself."

This class of Tourists not only wins our sympathy, but makes us also hope that in the land they look for may be found the solace sought. A third class will travel to merely have the privilege of talking about it; whilst a fourth will set upon their journey in the true spirit of locomotion, and make much better use of their time than their tongue. But let us endeavour to classify each, according to his dominant peculiarity.

THE ARTISTIC TOURIST experiences, about the month of May—when the Royal Academy opens with the spring blossoms, an invincible desire to explore every romantic nook in Europe. He sets forth, and at every picturesque view he stops, puts down his portfolio, takes up his meerschaum, and thinks to himself—"I'll return and sketch that next year."

**THE GRUMBLING TOURIST** grumbles about leaving his own mansion, yet goes away without the expectation of being more comfortable elsewhere. Wherever he complies with the custom of the country he complains according to his own. The beds are too hard and the roads are too soft, his time is too short and his bills are too long, the dishes too sweet and the wines too sour, the country bad for everything, and the cigars good for nothing ; yet when he returns he lavishes eulogiums upon hotel bedrooms, foreign roads, continental economy, culinary perfection, unrivalled vineyards, and the delights of living abroad—not forgetting to draw a painful contrast between the wretched lettuce-leaves of home-manufacture and the delicious tobacco he had regaled himself with on the other side of the channel.

**THE GASTRONOMIC TOURIST** looks upon the world as a large larder, and every country as a distinct shelf. Thus will he make a pilgrimage to Yarmouth for bloaters, to Cambridge for sausages, to Colchester for oysters, and to the South downs of Sussex for mutton, and then return perfectly astounded to find that in London are herrings more relishing, sausages more savoury, natives more delicious, and mutton more tender, than in the places which have attained celebrity for such articles of diet.

**THE PHILANTHROPIC TOURIST** prides himself

upon the possession of a large heart, but forgets that, like a large purse, it is of no use without being well filled. The first building in every city which he seeks is the prison, or the convict-ship, or the hulks. He contrives to get there, if possible, about dinner time, and partaking most unceremoniously of the bread and soup, which forms the ordinary fare, he swallows it with an indescribable relish, and exclaims, whilst he thinks how he has lessened his tavern bill—"My friends! how much better are you off than I imagined!"

THE BEGGING TOURIST gathers in a harvest wherever he goes, and never travels but he gleans something. From every town he must carry a sample of the most famous characteristic, and in default of a copy or a duplicate will have no objection to take the original. At every step he takes you may hear him say,—“I shall be so happy to retain this as a souvenir of my visit”—and so without any hesitation he carries off what is frequently never offered him.

THE SENTIMENTAL TOURIST haunts ruined abbeys by twilight, and bathes himself in moonlight. He writes limping sonnets to venerable farms, under the impression of their being castles of antiquity, and gets very ecstatic about morning, and very sleepy about night. He will throw himself into a reverie before an old monastery, and flinging his cap far

enough off his forehead to make both poetical, will remain long enough in that position for our artist to scrape his own pencil, and the other's acquaintance, and take him as he stands.

He thus folds his arms, and becomes wrapped in thought ;

but the garb is too flimsy and threadbare to supersede the old mackintosh which he has flung upon the green sward, the better to enjoy his brown



study. He stops there waiting for inspiration, but it never keeps the appointment, so he goes to his inn, catches a cold, and loses the coach. A few months after his return he calls upon a printer, and publishes, at his own cost, a book of poems, but another Harvey is wanted to discover the circulation.

THE ADVENTUROUS TOURIST never comes into a new locality without wanting a new excitement. He puts two pocket-pistols into his pocket, one loaded with brandy, and the other with gunpowder, and goes in search of adventures.

A night in a haunted chamber, or an encounter with the brigands, would, he declares, give him the most intense gratification; but should the rats disturb his slumbers, or a pick-pocket pilfer his handkerchief, he grows irate with his landlord, and furious with the police. He would hazard his neck for



a seat upon a perpendicular crag, but goes into an agony of torture, when he finds a wasp's nest has been his cushion. He also turns author, and making his

own mouth the publisher, he invents a story, and circulates it amongst his friends. To do him justice, he is so ardent a lover of liberality, that he never brings out a second edition without adding a number of extravagant embellishments to the original.

Thus might we go on with our analysis, but the above outline of a few will be sufficient to give a hint for the classification of the many.

The majority of travellers being privileged to behold strange things abroad, are apt to relate strange tales at home. They are the original inventors of those startling traditions which are popularly recommended to be told only to the marines. The imagination in another climate flourishes with tropical luxuriance, and thus what to steady, stay-at-home folks may appear positive exaggeration, is merely to be attributed to the atmospheric influences of the place—an illusion of the senses—as in crossing the desert a mirage that has presented a scene of enchantment in the distance, will resolve itself into a sand-hill on a nearer approach.

Whatever description of Tourist the reader may be we invite him to be our companion for the rest of our journey, and first of all to climb up to the roof of a coach, and make—stop, we must impress this more forcibly in a distinct line. And make—not by any means,

“Our first appearance upon any stage.”





## CHAPTER II.

### OF STAGE COACHES AND MATTERS THEREUNTO APPERTAINING.

Oh the days were bright when young and light,  
I drove my team—  
My four-in-hand along the Strand,  
Of bloods the cream,—  
But time flies fast, those days are past,  
The ribbands are a dream.  
Now there's nothing half so quick in life  
As steam, still steam!"

ANON.



CHABOD! The first few years of the last half of the nineteenth century will see the extinction of most of the features of a bygone age, which our forefathers have regarded with awe and admiration. Tinder-boxes and stage coaches will be the perplexing subjects of investigation, which the fossil-hunting Bucklands and Murchisons of a future day will be doubtless prying at in some primitive strata with a forty-

lens microscopic power and a dreadful incapacity, *nolens volens*, of discovering what on earth could have been their utility. Who remembereth not the old stage-coachman of whom a graphic daguerrotype is prefixed to our chapter? and yet in a few brief years such a question will be asked, and the interrogator, with the pertinacity of Brutus and the patience of Job, will have to "pause for a reply." When stage-coaches first appeared upon the road it is no very easy matter to determine. In the year 1662 we find six making slow and anything but sure journeys to the west and north of England. Even these, however, were looked upon as presumptuous attempts to "rival the flights of birds" and one of the wise men of the east in those days—none other than Master John Crosswell of the Charter-house, did his best to write them down in a series of pamphlets, which set forth that the wives and daughters of country gentlemen would be ruined if they came to town so easily, and unfitted for their domestic duties at the farm and dairy. Even a century back we find that the Oxford coach left London at seven, and, by what the "posters" of that period called "marvellous management," reached Uxbridge by noon. It arrived at High Wycombe, where it rested for the night, at six in the evening; and the next day it proceeded at the same rate towards Oxford. Such was coach travelling in 1747.

Even forty years ago the Holyhead mail started from London at eight o'clock at night, and did not reach Shrewsbury until eleven the following night, being one hundred and sixty-two miles in seven-and-twenty hours. More recently, within the experience of our boyhood, the same distance was achieved in sixteen hours and a quarter, the Holyhead mail being actually at Bangor Ferry—eighty-three miles farther—in the same time that it used to take to reach the post-office at Shrewsbury. The "Tally-Ho" was then our favourite coach. Well do we remember the blythe horn of the guard as we passed through the villages; the crisp, cheering, crackling sound of the wheels as we careered over the broad country road; how we watched, with the credulous wonderment of a school-boy, the jolly gentleman on the box-seat ignite an interminable series of havannahs, and how we looked upon him with inexhaustible admiration every time we saw him get down during the change of horses, for exercise and brandy-and-water; how we listened dreamily to the clear melody of the nightingale as we whirled along in the evening past copse and cornfield; and when night came on, clad in the beauty of its myriad stars, and the horses' hoofs flashed over the flints as we neared the destined city, how we watched the dusty vehicle emerge from the old inn-yard, and witnessed the departure of our chatty

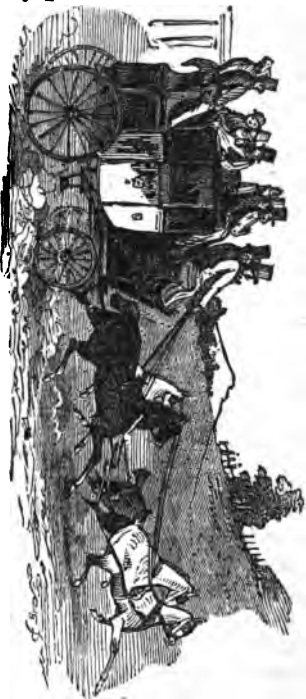
coach-companions with a regret that we could follow them no farther. Yet now these are things of the bygone—characteristics belonging to a race as extinct as the Megatherium. Like Macduff we cannot but remember “such things were” and now where are they? Echo, in the most polite manner imaginable, would like to know also. But we are neither writing their history nor composing their requiem. Our sole desire is to awaken a few reminiscences of the road, and these are things that we chiefly regret for being past. In the jocund days of our bachelor-hood, when our erratic propensities received no preventive check from the “Home office,” it was a dangerous and wilful exposure to temptation, to lounge of an evening round the neighbourhood of the Regent’s Circus, or enter into perilous proximity to the “Bull and Mouth,” or the “George and Blue Boar” or the “Belle Sauvage,” or the “Elephant and Castle,” or any other of those tavern compounds of monstrosities, where the old coaches once used to run *from*, and the present omnibuses now run *to*. On a soft summer evening one could hardly help climbing up instinctively on to the favourite seat, and after a slight reference to the state of the waistcoat-pocket exchequer, find oneself, in the morning, going probably into Cornwall instead of properly into Cornhill. Such vehicles seemed expressly intended to

betray unconscious gentlemen into sudden travelling, and pleasant indeed was a journey by them. The fine teams—such teams—steeds whose every step sent a thrill of joy to the heart, and whose musical footfall was a “tramp chorus” delightful to hear. And then the coachmen—such coachmen—in neat white hats, dapper frock-coats, faultless indispensables, and spotless doeskin gloves, with the floral appendage of a bouquet affixed to the sinister button-hole; men who knew the dignity of their position and saw that admiring eyes were bent upon them. But they had no pride—not they—often have we seen them work the mystic telegraph of the whip in friendly recognition of some old farmer jogging leisurely along in his market cart, or condescend to the gratuity of a knowing wink when the pretty servant girls, in smart caps and flaming ribbons, would run down from the lodge to the garden-gate to see the London coach pass by. And how they would obligingly take the mysteriously-muffled up gentleman in the back seat into their unrestricted confidence, and hint to him that an unheard of glass of ale was to be obtained at one place, or how an unparalleled pork-pie might be secured at that; and then he would communicate with the young gentleman at his side, who had friends down at the “great house,” and kept racers, what an excellent creature that bay mare was for a leader,

and indulge in a rhapsody of eulogy on the merits of his near-wheeler. Proud, indeed! he was affable humility personified.

But the guard—ah! the guard with his key-bugle; what a pleasant fellow he was—full of gibes and jokes and anecdotes of the road—and how merrily he rang out the notes from his bugle on the summer air, while the clatter of the wheels and the tramp of the team kept time to the joyous tones, and the very clanking of the brass on the harness and the rattle of the curb-chains added their jingling music to the concert. Ay—those indeed were pleasant incidents!

But they are gone—all gone! And then the journey—why, it would make a



descriptive book of itself. We would undertake to write fifty quarto volumes as thick as the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" about that journey, and yet not leave the subject exhausted. But who could attempt such a depiction in miniature, after the vivid delineation by Charles Dickens;\* we should never be upon good terms with ourselves again if we ventured upon such a piece of arrogant presumption. So fully conscious, too, are we that our readers will thank us for refreshing their memory with the extract, that, warning them to prepare their lungs with a full-drawn inspiration, we bid them at once rattle through the following glorious passage, and then tell us, whether every line does not paint itself into the memory as each glowing word comes bounding into sight.

"Yoho! past hedges, and gates and trees; past cottages and barns and people going home from work. Yoho! past donkey-chaises, drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses whipped up at a bound upon the little water course, and held by struggling carters close up to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yoho! by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial grounds about them, where the graves are green and daisies sleep—for it is

\* Martin Chuzzlewit.

evening on the bosoms of the dead. Yoho, past streams in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock fences, farms, and rick-yards; past last year's stacks, cut slice by slice away, and showing in the waning light like ruined gables old and brown. Yoho, down the pebbly dip and through the merry water-splash and up at a canter to the level road again. Yoho, yoho!

"Yoho, among the gathering shades; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same, as if the light of London fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yoho, beside the village-green, where cricket-players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat or wicket, ball or player's foot, sheds out its perfume on the night. Away with four fresh horses from the Bald-faced Stag, where toppers congregate about the door admiring; and the last team with traces hanging loose, go roaming off towards the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them. Now with a clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone bridge, and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, far away, away into the wold. Yoho!

"See the bright moon! High up before we know it: making the earth reflect the objects



on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps, and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not become *him*; and he watches himself in his stout old burly stedfastness, without the motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate ill poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager; while our own ghostly likeness travels on. Yoho, yoho! through ditch and brake, upon the ploughed land and the smooth, along the steep hill side and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom-Hunter.

"Clouds too! And a mist upon the hollow, not a dull fog that hides it, but a light airy gauze-like mist, which in our eyes of modest admiration gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before, as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please you, though we were the Pope. Yoho! why now we travel like the moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees; next minute in a patch of vapour; emerging now upon our broad clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing in, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yoho! a match against the moon. Yoho, yoho!

"The beauty of the night is hardly felt, when

Day comes leaping up. Yoho! Two stages, and the country roads are almost changed to a continuous street. Yoho! past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces and squares; past waggons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape; and in among the rattling pavements where a jaunty seat upon a coach is not so easy to preserve. Yoho! down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until London and an old inn yard is gained."

Such indeed was the old stage coach and its accompaniments of the days gone by; and with such a description—every line has the crack of a whip in it—it would be strange indeed if, giving fancy the reins, a moderately imaginative peruser could not renew his old associations of the road whenever he should so choose, and perform a brisk and agreeable journey in his easy chair and slippers.

Occasionally we admit the coachmen were extortionate, the passengers disagreeable, and the progress wearisome. Nay, the dexterously-wielded lash of an expert driver has been known ere now to enter *accidentally* the coach-window, and terribly discompose a solitary "inside" who had just dropped off into a pleasant slumber.

But then these accidents only occurred, when the parting admonition, of "Change

coachman at this stage if you please, sir," had been disregarded, and a friendly inti-



mation had been given to the succeeding purveyor of Jarvey's sauce that it was not "all right" within.

Many *parvenus* who in the day have occu-

ied the box seat on a stage coach have at night occupied a stage box at the opera. The name of "Stevenson" will long be remembered on the Brighton road as the "greatest man of 'The Age,'" also two celebrities, Sir Vincent Cotton of "The Times" and Lord Edward Thynne of "The Quicksilver." The former gentleman had been a graduate at Cambridge, and his education and early habits were always manifested in his conduct of the coach under his control. At a certain change of horses on the road, a silver sandwich-box was handed to the passengers by his servant, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to all who were so inclined. So refined a coachman, it may be supposed, had seldom occasion to complain of want of patronage.

Of the post chaise—the old rumbling, jolting, rickety affair that used to whirl our eloping ancestors off to Gretna—it may be remarked that little can be said and less seen of it. What becomes of the post-boys need now no longer be a debated point. Since post-chaises have fallen into disuse, we have discovered that, by a natural transition, most of the post-boys have become post-men. We have occasionally, at remote stations, seen some imitative vehicle, lumbering up with luggage outside, and an elderly lady within, wildly progressing towards



the Railway Station ; but this—no, it cannot be—we will not believe it—this cannot be one of the retired post-chaises !

## CHAPTER III.

### OF PEDESTRIANS AND PEDESTRIANISM.

"For I have loved the rural walk through lanes  
Of grassy swarth, close-cropped by nibbling sheep,  
And skirted thick with intertexture firm  
Of thorny boughs; have loved the rural walk  
O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink."

COWPER.



AST thou not  
seen, oh! pe-  
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wayward  
wanderings  
by the way-side, some itin-  
erant minstrel—some soli-  
tary administrator of mirth-  
ful music, some vagrant A-  
pollo, who after plodding,  
footsore and famished, along  
many a weary and dusty mile, hath at last  
lighted upon a well-tenanted roadside hostel of  
promising aspect, and there hath unslung his

guitar from his aching shoulder, and oblivious of all cares and pains foregone, hath made the said instrument discourse most eloquent music? Hast thou not, in the fulness of thy noble heart, and in the plenitude of thy capacious purse, been struck with the insufficiency of the copper recompense, and given the minstrel wherewithal to pursue his pilgrimage of erratic destiny in a more hospitable direction? And hast thou not further wondered, in thy meditative moments, what hidden charm there could be in a stroller's life—what latent joys were lurking in the vagaries of vagrancy—what unknown pleasures could be attached to such a precarious existence? Of course thou hast, and we will solve thy problem. The charm is in the adventurous spirit of such excursions—in the seductive nature of this random rambling—in the delightful feeling of independence that travelling afoot always yields to the pedestrian, though haply the miles be long and the money short.

Nothing in the whole range of nature—animate or inanimate—infuses such a gladdening thrill of joy into the human heart as a summer saunter through a pleasant country in the morning sunshine.

In sooth, a pedestrian freed from the thick murky air of a populous city, and suddenly transferred to a country lane, with the bright green turf underfoot, and a cloudless canopy

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and whilst the warm breeze dimples the surface of the glittering pool into rippling smiles of welcome, the only sounds that lull the drowsy sense of hearing are the gentle swaying to and fro of the leafy branches, and the thrilling melody of the sky-lark, subdued softly into silence by the blue distance.

But the conditions by which the tenure of frail humanity is held, rise up before the recumbent pedestrian. An appetite stirs within him—there is an actual reality present that effectually precludes the visionary unsubstantiality. He is suddenly called back by



a peremptory voice from dreams to dinners—  
from the prospect without to the prospect with

**Inn.** He hastens to the nearest roadside hostel, and with a zest that epicures may envy, consumes the casual chop, or smoking steak, with wonderful celerity. Behold our pedestrian thus engaged whilst a pretty barmaid—we have a penchant for pretty barmaids—arrives at an arithmetrical computation of the damage he has committed. He is now happy. The dove of his hopes has gone forth and found a resting place upon the table cloth. His imagination is no longer startled by fearful phantasies; he reposes in the calm consciousness of having dined, and dwells with seraphic beatitude on the vanished glories of the bygone repast. His dreams are of universal philanthropy; he mentally shakes the universe by the hand, and hob-and-nobs with the world at large. A dinner is the dial of every-day life, for, like that instrument, it only numbers the hours on which the sun shines.

And so, having dined, he rises like a giant refreshed, and having aided his digestion possibly with the slightest suggestion of a spirituous compound, and a welcome whiff from his meditative meerschaum, he goes forth, braced for another ten miles pilgrimage before twilight, and by the time he has reached the next country town, and composed himself for a pleasant slumber, lit up by dreams of the scenery he will behold on the morrow, there will not be a mortal on the face of the entire

globe that will have had a more true and perfect notion of a day's enjoyment than our happy—thrice happy—pedestrian.

Stop! There is a certain demon that often dogs the peripatetic philosopher, and against whom we should put the peruser on his guard. It is an imp of Crispin—a conjuration of the cobbler. In a word, it is—a *tight boot*.

We knew once a pedestrianising poet, who loved the country, and who wrote sonnets. He had a happy knack of rhyming as he walked, and, wanting a contribution from him for a magazine, we took advantage of our companionship one summer to solicit a few lines. But the demon was at his heels, and we heard this:—

SONNET TO JUNE.

"Delicious month of June! where'er we range  
The spendthrift birds pour forth their—(*Ah! uh! phew!*)  
Their notes that at each country bank they change,  
Whilst bounteous nature doth their bills renew.  
How sweet to walk to some far, cool retreat,  
And hear—(*Ugh! ugh! I can't much farther go!*)  
And hear the artist—(*how they draw my feet!*)  
Enraptured praise (*the fool! I told him so!*)  
The varied landscape and the verdant fields,  
The just return—(*YOUR bill's not settled, Mr. ——!*)  
The grateful tribute to what pleasure yields,  
The—(*Woo! Booh! Woo! I know that's raised a blister.*)  
The (*Imp! that pebble,*) peaceful joy (*the grippers,*)  
The outburst wild (*where ARE a pair of slippers?*)"

And from that time we understood Shakspeare's assertion:—

"The man that hath not music in his sole,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

## CHAPTER IV.

### OF COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

"And pray what company is there within?"

"True Gentlemen, sir, Gentlemen of the Road;  
Excellent at the board, or bottle;—of gallant bearing,  
And skilled, I warrant me, in good discourse,  
Will please you walk this way—I'll bring you to them."

BEN JONSON.—"THE NEW INN."



COMMERCIAL Traveller hath a marked distinction between himself and the rest of the wandering tribe. *They* are travellers of pleasure for themselves —

*he* a traveller of necessity for others. He careth more for the fluctuations of the price current than for the temptations of the picturesque, and considereth his time to be the best bestowed when it is spent in getting as much

as possible out of the buyer in the morning and the cellar in the evening. He hath a firm faith in the wisdom of Pope—"the noblest study of mankind is man"—and being man, he studies himself. He detecteth with wonderful alacrity the flavourous twang of the true port, and is not to be deluded by the native gooseberry. The most reckless host would never dream of introducing the lettuce-leaf to the lips of a "commercial," when an order for a "best havannah" had issued previously therefrom. Thus awing Tavern-keepers into submissive excellence on the condition of his custom, the best inn's best room, and the best room's best accommodation, linked with the highest favour and the lowest charges,—are made the exclusive property of the Commercial Gentleman wherever his gig goes or his carpet-bag comes.

Great has been the change that has come over the spirit of the road within the last dozen years. One meets no longer the spruce representative of Grubbins, Grab and Company of Aldgate, careering over the broad country-heath after dusk, with the bright lamps gleaming on the dusky sward, and the cheerful glow of the cigar lighting up a ruddy nose that peeps out of a woollen comforter just visible above a chaotic mass of coats and sample-cases. We hear no longer the crack of the traveller's whip as he urges his jaded steed through the quiet village, and rouses the "General Dealer"

upon whom he has to call therein, into a state of nervous gratification. The railways have effected a wondrous revolution, and now, for the most part, travellers take the trains, and, sweeping through the towns by the aid of steam, complete their "rou ds" with a tithe of the expenditure of time and money that attended their journeys in the days gone by.

The "Commercial Room" may however still boast of retaining its most prominent characteristics, though recently a dash of refinement has been infused into the embellishments, and the order has become somewhat less exclusive. It is still pre-eminently the scene of practical joking, and many a victim have we seen there mercilessly immolated at the shrine of Fun. The first time a novice makes his appearance in that *Sanctum* he may surrender himself at once as the target at which the most practised hands will hurl their shafts of social satire.

Then will arise such questions as the following:—

"Let me see! I recollect your face as one belonging to somebody somewhere. In the calico line I think?" To which if the victim, in the innocence of his heart—responds with a full avowal of the wholesale house of which he is the representative, some of the elder rival practitioners will but hold it commercial morality to rise an hour sooner in the

morning and anticipate the demand by a personal application on their own employer's behalf.

But—on the other hand—should the Neophyte, from former experience in such matters, and, having duly obtained his diploma, be upon the evasive—he will answer the interrogator somewhat after this fashion ;



*Victim Loquitor*—"Oh, ah! yes, to be sure. We met at Didlington last summer. You must remember—I travel for Spiff and Company!"

"Spiff! I don't recollect the firm—how do you spell the name?"

"Oh! it's a very old one. We spell it on our bill-heads, double S., double P., double I., double H., double F., double E—*Spiff*. Nothing can be simpler.

"And they are——?"

"Mouse trap manufacturers to her Majesty—number nix Botherum Buildings, Bungay."

Then will the enquirer solicit no further.

Various are the crafty expedients resorted to by the old stagers of the road, to get, in business, the whip-hand of the younger fraternity, one—which we exhibit as a sample—may suffice to reveal the quality of the rest. Let us begin novelist fashion.

One afternoon, in the sunny days of early spring, a gay party of commercials were sitting in the large room of the Swan at—no matter where—sipping their sherry after dinner, and smoking their cigars with as excellent an appreciation of mine host's catering as that individual himself could have desired. The laugh, song, and joke, passed merrily round as freely as the bottle; and when the growing dusk suggested the introduction of the bill with the candles, it was discovered that two, travelling for different houses in a similar line, were pursuing their journey onwards to the same town. This important fact, which, with the customary caution, had not been suffered to transpire in the course of dinner-table conversation, came to the ears of A. through a direction given by B. to the ostler as he instructed him to bring forth his horse and gig. A. took measures accordingly; and knowing the peculiar effect upon the system produced by a carefully administered compound of claret, sherry, and brandy, persuaded B. to have a parting glass with him, composed of the latter



liquid, and carefully hinted his own intention of not proceeding further that night. Scarcely however, had B.—the unsophisticated one—driven off, than A. has his horse put in the vehicle also, and follows, at a gentle pace, in the same direction.

As the cunning commercial had predicated so fell the event. A misty evening, and the regular tramp of the horse over a level road, combined with the narcotic influences of the cigars and the subsequent grog, proved sufficient to make the unconscious traveller somewhat oblivious of his condition; and knowing that a short ride of a couple of hours would at that rate finish the journey—and having moreover confidence in the knowledge of his steed, who had long been familiar with the route, he threw himself quietly back, gave the horse the reins, and prepared himself for a quiet nap. In this consoling condition is he overtaken by A., exactly as he had anticipated, only that the animal, finding apparently no demand on his exertions, had quietly walked into a hedge at the roadside, and was enjoying the light repast afforded by the young juicy twigs that were sprouting forth on the bank. A glance sufficed to show the position of affairs, and the advantage that could be taken of it. A., therefore, dismounted, and contrived to draw the vehicle of his rival into an open field adjoining, where, cutting the traces, and

closing the gate after him, he leaves the one to enjoy his slumber and the other to luxuriate in the clover, quickening the speed of his own conveyance, and arriving at the town time enough to obtain some large orders from the best customers of his drowsy victim. Morning,



grey, cold, and comfortless, was just dawning upon the belated traveller, when he awoke to a sense of his forlorn condition. Starting up in the isolated gig, he stamps his feet furiously on the mat, to convince him-

self of a return to a waking condition. The icy nose of his nag, satiated with the dewy herbage, had been quietly reposing on his shoulder; and, emblematical of his journey, a couple of idle snails had got instead between the shafts, and were now calmly trailing forth

their slime in the morning sunshine. At a loss to account for this elf-like change, he reinstates the horse and deposes the usurpers ; but, before he can lead the gig back again to the main road, he is watched by a litigious farmer who owns the ground, and compelled by present payment to compromise a future action for trespass. A few words will tell the rest, —B. arrives at the first customer—hears that A. has been there before him, and so with the remainder,, leading to an explanation of the whole affair, and administering a severe practical lesson in the art of Commercial Travelling which an accompanying rheumatism effectually prevented him from forgetting for some time afterwards. And hence cometh that curious problem out of Euclid, often alluded to in the mathematical moments of Bagmen : As *A.* is to *B.*, so is *C.* to *D.*, and the sinister thumb projected at an angle of forty-five degrees over the base of the left shoulder, is popularly supposed to be a solution of the query.

Occasionally this kind of badinage is less personal and more pleasant. Who that has made one of a company that had—we will shroud his name under the more common cognomen of Jones—that had Jones for a president at a commercial dinner, can forget the sly drollery of his jokes ? We can fancy him now—the ambassador of Gingham, Gimp, and Gag, the eminent drapers of Holborn—throned

in all the majesty of a chairman at the head of a well appointed table!



Despite a certain haw !-haw !-dev'lish-fine-fellow-I-am sort of impression that his appearance conveyed, few in the drapery line did such effective execution as Jones, either in the way of business, or chambermaids. He took orders and kisses in such a style that all resistance was useless ; and directly he crossed the threshold of a country drapery establishment that he supplied with goods from town, the luckless owner would become persuaded, from a firm conviction that he wanted nothing, into a positive belief that he stood in need of everything. Jones carried no samples, for when he walked into the presence of a customer, you saw the whole magnitude and

resources of the firm he represented before you. An enquiry as to the latest London fashions then in vogue, would be met by inclining his fore-finger to the cravat he wore, and an ejaculation of,—“Ah! *this* sort of thing!” or a descent to the vest below, and a satisfactory demonstration of,—“I see! *that* sort of style!” He invested his whole humanity in a portable pattern-book, and gave you the choicest selections. But the joke—well, then, this was the joke that Jones practised.

A new landlord had taken an old commercial inn, once well known on the road for its excellent fare, and at the period when this joke was born, the change was not for the better. At breakfast Jones found the bread stale, the butter rank, the eggs of undeniable antiquity, the ham similarly venerable, and the coffee affording excellent grounds for complaint. And now for Jones’s joke. The landlord was invited by him and the rest of the commercials, then stopping there, to dine at the commercial table. Though everything had been presented as a fresh commodity, the longevity of the larder became more apparent than ever. At last, after the first course of antediluvian soup, Jones—severe wag that Jones—requested the landlord, as a more skilful anatomist, to dissect a cold roast fowl that had been placed before him. The Host plunges his knife into the prominent portion of the

repast;—wings and drumsticks fly rapidly asunder, when lo, from beneath the gizzard rises on the apex of his fork, a curiously enfolded note. One general desire to inspect



the contents of this strangely conveyed missive pervades the whole company. It was accordingly opened and read, and its contents ran thus:—"Gentlemen, I am obliged to you for the interest you take in my welfare, and I have the honour to inform you that my legs are now once more able to *walk*, having been cooked for ten days, and but for your friendly bespeak, I should have been no doubt running on for a fortnight. Your obedient servant

Cockadoodle doo,

Aged 14 years 6 months."

And this was Jones's joke!

But let us introduce you to another scene in commercial life, to describe which, dramatically, we should first show the chief actors. The place is the commercial room: Time, ten minutes after dinner. A supposed novice is being drawn out in the usual style by the anticipative chairman.

"Let me see, Mr. Spriggins, I think we have met before on the road, I know I have seen you somewhere?"

"Very likely, I often go there."

"Ahem! you travel I think for——"

"Noses."

"Moses?"

"No! *Noses!*"

"Ah! in the toy trade, I see?"

"You are wrong, sir. I deal in noses belonging to living humanity—the ordinary sneezing noses of every-day physiognomy."

"Very odd traffic certainly, but I should like to see your way of doing business. I never met with a gentleman in the nasal line before."

"Then I shall be most happy to deal with you. I cannot say that your nose is of the first quality—it turns up rather too much, and belongs to a variety not greatly in demand, but I will buy it of you."

"My nose?"

"Yes, sir. I am serious in my proposal—your nose."

.. "To be delivered—?"

"When you have no longer any use for it."

"That's not very troublesome. And to be paid for—?"

"This very moment. I will give you its full value—say £10."

"I accept your offer."

"There is only this condition, that we both agree to forfeit £20 if either of us should go from the bargain."

"Agreed! that is, if you allow me all my life to enjoy your property, and do not attempt to interfere with it in the performance of its functions."

"Not in the least, sir. You may import or export the merchandise in question, as you please. I will not even make a condition that it shall be insured."

"Then I consent to your clause in the agreement."

"And I will pay you directly."

The agreement is drawn up, the money paid, and the bargain concluded, the purchaser only whispering to the waiter, who soon after returns with the kitchen pair of tongs, having the extreme ends heated to red-heat.

"Give me the tongs, William," says the dealer in noses. The waiter hands them, and the purchaser leans forward with the tongs, which he holds towards the seller



"Why—what's all this?" exclaims the man who had sold his nose, looking aghast at the ominous preparation.



"Only a pair of red-hot tongs, sir; every time I make a purchase I mark my merchandise in order to insure its not being changed. Having bought your nose, I of course must put our usual brand upon it."

"But, Zounds! I cannot allow this."

"Then I must remind you of the clause in the agreement, and that you are the first to break the contract."

"But put yourself in my position."

"Impossible! I am the buyer, not the seller. Pay the forfeit. Twenty pounds I claim. These gentlemen will, I am sure, see the justice of my demand."

Ultimately the purchase-money was returned, and two dozen of champagne accepted as a compromise. The intended victim was hailed amongst his brother commercials as "one of the right sort," and the confused chairman—the vendor of the turn-up nose, confessed that, in having disposed of his nose, he had been, for the first time in his life, altogether—*sold*.

But in all the facetious pastimes of solial life your commercial traveller is generally profoundly proficient. He can execute wonderful tricks with cards, and cause half-pence to disappear through tables in a manner astonishing to behold. He can extract marvellous music from the chin by rapid concussion of the knuckles, and make extraordinary bets on wagers that would defy the universal umpire "Bell's Life" to decide. He will sing strange comic songs with remarkable facility of "*patter*," and terminate them with a chorus, fearfully perplexing to quiet old tradesmen, who listen with deferential admiration to his powers. And should he have a fine voice, and incline to the sentimental, he will favour the company with a popular ballad from the last new London opera, and cause the waiter to apply his ear to the key-hole, and the chambermaid to loiter on the landing. And all this will materially tend to augment his order-book, and increase his popularity on the road.

## CHAPTER V.

### CONTINENTAL TRAVELLING.

"This ride was my delight. I love all waste  
And solitary places; where we taste  
The pleasure of believing what we see  
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be;  
And such was this wide ocean and this shore  
More barren than its billows, and, yet more  
Than all, with a remembered friend, I love  
To ride as I then rode;—for the winds drove  
The living spray along the sunny air  
Into our faces. The blue heavens were bare,  
Stripped to their depths by the awakening north,  
And from the waves, sounds like delight broke forth,  
So as we rode—we talked."

SHELLEY. *Julian and Maddalo.*



IN these  
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you can  
go to the  
South-  
ampton  
Railway

Terminus, and book your place at Nine Elms  
for Paris, with a moral certainty of reaching  
that capital twenty-four hours afterwards, the  
romance of continental travelling has nearly  
become obsolete. Let us retrograde a few  
years, and go back to the period when we

first thought the opposite cliffs from Dover bounded a *terra incognita*, and fancied the road from Abbeville to Amiens was a terror to travellers. At this epoch a diligence starting from Paris would drag its slow length along at the rate of about five miles an hour. After some ten miles had been thus accomplished, the travellers alighted to breakfast, when perhaps some wandering minstrel would delight them during their repast by a romance or two in fifteen or twenty couplets.

Then the conductor would light his pipe, and say, "Gentlemen, make haste, we have not more than three quarters of an hour to remain here after this meal,"—at which time the diligence would again proceed on its journey, until perhaps it arrived at some hill, where the traveller was compelled to walk unless the roads were heavy, when they were even requested to put their shoulder proverbially to the wheel.

At length you thus arrived at the place where you were to dine, and a journey indeed of a hundred miles was at this period a pilgrimage which a man never commenced without making his will, and all his family in tears would escort him to the vehicle which was to bear him away. A nightcap and a pair of slippers were then articles of necessity; and at night, when fifty miles of the journey had been traversed, the traveller slept at the sign of the

Dauphin, or some other tavern with a similar loyal appellation.



In these days there were four meals to be imperatively made on the road at a *t  ble d' h  te*, and payment was proportioned not to the state of the appetite, but to the place occupied in the vehicle. The *coup  * for instance' would pay three francs for dinner, whilst the occupants of the *interieur* would only be called upon for fifty *sous*, but if a person travelled post, four francs were charged for the same meal. Now these things are "indifferently reformed" altogether.

In the present year of grace, travellers eat but once in twenty-four hours, and know not what it is to go to bed. They slumber as they roll on, without dread of being disturbed to walk up hill, or push the wheel—there is no time to observe any monuments or public buildings as you pass—the vehicle rushes over the mountains at full gallop, to the great displeasure of beggars, who are constrained to practise gymnastics with their legs in order to catch the alms. The box of the diligence, too, has been divided into coquettish-looking compartments; the *interieur* has received the addition of a leathern partition as high as the head, by which means, every one has a corner—a privilege which in former times could only be enjoyed by four exclusives—and the *rotonde* has become a regular post divan, with agreeable arm-rests and pleasant cushions.

But the abolition of the equestrian postilion, and his transformation into driver, has most cruelly slaughtered the poetry of the *coupé*. Well do we remember that once this part of the diligence was accessible to the air—it was open on all sides—it was a regular observatory—a parlour upon wheels. The equestrian postilion imparted life to locomotion; the harness and trappings of the horses—the dress of the rider—his jokes—his gossipings by the way—nay, even his eccentric oaths at his horses—all tended to beguile the tediousness of the

way. From the *coupé* one might take part in the affairs of the government of the diligence, and the mind, during rapid descents, preserved wonderful equanimity from observing how safely the quadrupeds were under the driver's control. But now—*nous avons changé tout cela*—the traveller in the *coupé* resembles a statesman in disgrace—he is deprived of all official communication—above his head he sees the reins, but cannot judge whether the individual who holds them is or is *not* likely to upset the vehicle. The *coupé*, in fact, has become a sort of prison cell, the temporary inhabitant of which has, by way of aggravation of punishment, to receive sundry frequent flagellations from the driver's seat above him.

The conductor, in the vocabulary of the French diligence—as in that of our own omnibuses—is he who has nothing to do with the conducting. The conductor having then absolutely nothing to conduct, gives himself up to the embellishment of his erratic life by a display of gymnastic evolutions which would throw the Bedouin Arabs into the shade. He runs amid the wheels and along the packages like a ship-boy on the verge of the top mast. If he hears a nurse in the *roto de* endeavouring to pacify her unruly child, he hitches one foot in some traveller's cloak, he scrambles over the top, leans his head towards the side of the vehicle whence the sound proceeds,

and poking his nose in at the window, exclaims—"Nurse, mind that child don't spoil that seat;" and, with these words, the conductor leaps back again into his place.



Should a ray of the sun gleam upon a small pebble in the road, he exclaims—"I think I have dropped a button!" With one bound he is upon the earth, shouting to the postilion,—"don't stop;" and with another he is again at the top of the vehicle, and coolly says—"I was deceived." In a journey of fifty miles the conductor will descend from his place about one hundred times; and if a due calculation be made, it will be found that his descents and ascents, if measured, will exactly correspond with the whole length of the journey, so that it would have saved him labour had he trotted by the side of the vehicle all the way.

We thoroughly believe, that there is nothing



either in nature or art that can be compared with the brutal oscillation of the French mails. The springs of the vehicle play at shuttlecock with the unfortunate traveller; and when there are four occupants of the interior, there arises a sanguinary combat of nose against nose. One, two, three, and under,—one, two, three, and over, and so on. A murderous duel, where forehead bangs forehead, and only finds a rampart behind the hat. It is impossible to cherish enmity in a *malle-poste*—the constant shocks make the most inveterate enemies embrace each other.

But we have a practical moral lesson to give, impinging on that love of competition and reduction of prices which is nowhere more rife than in France. We already feel your gratitude falling upon our shoulders like a mantle. Listen!

We will suppose you are stopping at Paris, and that you see posted on the wall some such bill as the following, of course in the French language:

ROYAL COACH OFFICE,		
GREAT REDUCTION OF PRICES.		
TOULOUSE	{ COUPE	35 francs
	{ INTERIEUR	26 francs
	{ ROTONDE	16 francs
	{ BANQUETTE	8 francs, 70 centimes.

Now you have never seen the canal of Languedoc, or the country of Clemence Isaure, and you—metaphorically—jump for joy. You offer up most ardent prayers for the success of an enterprise which brings such a journey within the means of every purse. Nay, you seriously discuss the propriety of inserting a letter in a leading journal, calling upon all travellers and tourists to subscribe, and erect a statue to the memory of the author of such a disinterested public act. You think—“Ah! I have exactly 150 francs to spare, and I cannot do better than visit this interesting spot before I return home.” You then proceed to make some such calculation of expenses as the following:—

Fare in the Coupé—there and back 70 francs

Expences of living on the journey,  
cigars, &c. . . . . 30 francs

A week's expences at the hotel, at  
5 francs a day . . . . . 40 francs

Theatres, and petty expenses . . . . . 9 francs 70 centimes.

Omnibus to my own door . . . . . 30 centimes

---

TOTAL 150 francs.

---

Accordingly you set out, and when the week has elapsed, you are proud that you have not been deceived in your calculation of expenditure—you think of your return, and you hasten to the office to book your seat in the *coupé*

You enter the office, and to your utter horror find that there is another change in the fares,

which came into operation the day before, and that two rival companies having got tired of ruining each other, had now formed a league, and smoked the pipe of reconciliation.

You approach the clerk.

"A seat in the *coupé* for Paris?"

"Ninety francs, sir,"—and the clerk rubs his hands as he speaks with a manifest malignant



glee at the change that instantly becomes visible in your features, till your face becomes nearly as long as the journey!

"Good gracious! and the *interieur*?"

francs."

"Eighty

"Deuce take it—and the *rotonde*?"

"Seventy francs."

"Seventy francs! and the *banquette*?"

"Fifty francs, thirty centimes!"

"Exactly the sum I have got left for food and all. Why, I shall not have anything for provision on the road!"

"That's not our affair sir!"

"And I shall not be able to have an omnibus!"

"That's your own affair, sir?"

You have no alternative—you must go. Starvation appears in all its horrors before you. Fortunately you are seated outside on the *banquette*, and there are some fine orchards on the road. Trees stretch their fruity stems athwart the heads of the outside passengers. You endeavour to seize, in passing, an apple to quench your thirst, and appease your hunger.



You make a sudden grasp—crasn! the branch has caught you by the neck, swung back again

off to its old position, and you find yourself unexpectedly elevated in the air, and the coach passing on in the distance.

So probably you would remain but for the observation of a truffle hunter beneath, who would shout after the diligence—

“Look !—Hilli-Ho ! You’ve dropped a traveller.”

And such is the every day result of a sudden reduction of prices



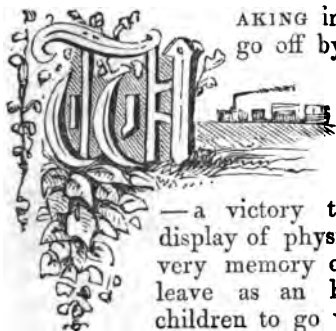
## CHAPTER VI.

### RAILWAYS.

A mile a minute on we go—	On and on till the day is gone,
Hurrah, for our courser fast;	We rush with a goblin scream,
His coal black mane,	And the cities at night,
And his fiery train, [blast.	Start with wild affright,
And his breath a furnace	At the cry of escaping steam.

Bang ! bang!! bang!!!  
Shake and shiver and throb,  
The sound of our feet  
Is the piston's beat.  
And the opening valve our sob."

SONG OF THE STOKER.



WAKING in the morning to  
go off by the first train,  
having previous-  
ly gone off into  
a sound slumber,  
is the "Battle of  
Life" in sheets

—a victory to boast of—a  
display of physical prowess, the  
very memory of which we may  
leave as an heir-loom to our  
children to go with the rest of  
our astonishing achievements down to pos-  
terity Ugh! ugh! to emerge from ones's  
warm comfortable bed to brave the chilli-  
ness of the raw morning air—to abandon

the billowy embrace of the heaving counterpane for the encircling frigidity of a clean—never mind what—to desperately cram carpet-bags by candlelight, with a distressing recollection, at the period of padlocking, that the most important articles have been omitted; and to have, after all this, precisely fifteen minutes to spare for the journey of three miles and a half from your own domicile to the Railway Terminus—such incidental items form, in the aggregate, a trial of skill and a test of patience that sadly disturbs the system of susceptible humanity. It is perhaps as well for his reputation that Job knew nothing of early trains. Who has not felt the vexation of being aroused from a delightful dream about some caliph's palace, and some eastern princess, with whom you were on terms of great intimacy, to hear booming through the darkness the hour of four, at which period you had previously determined to rise for a quiet breakfast, as the train started at six? Who has not experienced the unutterable agony of finding, during the five minutes' doze into which you incontinently fall immediately after this discovery, that some undigested paring of cucumber, some rebellious crumb of an overnight's Welsh-rabbit, has become transformed into an impish incubus that amuses itself—we are not certain of the sex of night-mares, and prefer the neuter—by sounding the tocsin of the ter-

minus immediately above your nose, and thundering forth its stirring tale of the times? If anybody is deficient in the personal knowledge of all this — “happy man be his dole.”



But, to speak honestly, transit by railroad can hardly be called *travelling*; you are *here* and you are *there*—you start, and you arrive at your destination—the rest is a dream. The process is this. You wind your way to the terminus, and invest your coin in the purchase of a small slip of paper, in virtue of which possession you may be wafted a certain number of miles. Your luggage is taken from you, and another ticket is thrust into your hand. Remonstrance is useless; you must believe in locomotive laws, and have faith in it turning up again precisely at the right time and place. From a platform you step into the carriage you select from the train that appears before you, with the mighty engine fuming and fretting and fizzing at the head. You have hardly had time to arrange your



coat-tails before, with a jolt, and a jerk, and a rumble, you are off. The engine is chafing, roaring, thundering onwards. You stop. What can be the matter? You remember horrible things. Psha! it is only the first station; and you have travelled ten miles from London before you have recovered breath to look around you. You crane your neck to admire the simple architecture of the building,—“all right,” is shouted by the guard—a jet of steam, another roar of the engine—jerk, jolt, and rumble number two, and you are off again.

But you roll onward in a mighty chaos; landscapes present puzzling peculiarities; and cows, cabbages, and cottages become fused into one heterogeneous mass. All seems to teach that practical moral lesson that—“no-



thing is certain,” except in the transit through tunnels, when you are not even certain of that. You bob your head out of window to obtain a prospect for

yourself, and, speedily withdrawing it, you

present some such prospect as this to your opposite companion.

On every line, and at every period of a train starting, there are certain passengers, characteristic of a class, that you are sure to meet. Thus you will always find among the passengers a stout, ruddy-faced, good-humoured individual, with a carpet-bag slung upon one arm and a great coat thrown over the other, who seems to be always treating himself to short railway excursions, and bustling about the station in the busiest and pleasantest manner imaginable. You never see any body with him, and are quite convinced he will not go farther than twenty miles along the line; but there he always is, blandly rubbing his hands together, and chuckling to himself as though impressed with a vague notion that the whole affair was a capital joke, devised for his especial gratification. Another prominent feature is the lady who has lost her bundle, and who will always insist on looking for it herself in the most unlikely and impossible places; rummaging under the bales of goods that came up with the last train; and obstinately believing that the little iron-door for the fire-place behind the engine, is the "boot" of the locomotive, in which the stoker surreptitiously stows away the small parcels that don't go on the top. Then we are sure to see two or three nervous people, diffidently disposed, who are

so overcome with awe at the immensity of the building, or the nature of the journey, that they timidly perch themselves, when they enter, upon the extreme edge of the wooden bench that runs along the wall, and await with reverential submissiveness the instruction of the porter, whom they address as "Sir," to take their seats, turning very red indeed in the face if they sneeze, and regarding in the interim a subdued cough as a very heinous offence, if not a positive crime.

Those strange telegraphic posts, forming the railway code of signals, have an eccentricity of movement that cannot fail to mystify the uninitiated. We never look upon one with its complicated apparatus in motion without tracing a caricature resemblance to a member of parliament making an enthusiastic speech to his constituents. One arm up—then the other arm down, and so on, with a variety of gestures appropriate to the wildest notions of modern electioneering oratory.

As to a railway tunnel, we have often thought, with a loving couple in the *coupé*, what a capital place it would be in which to pop the question. The rapidity of motion bracing up the fluttering heart, the darkness shrouding the flattering blushes, the whistle responding to the faltering words, and that consciousness of wanting a protector which must be felt by a traveller of the gentler sex

under such circumstances, would all tend to make an achievement like this become a mere matter of every-day performance with the most bashful of swains. It is then that we might expect to behold such a **TABLEAU VIVANT** as the following :



There is one peculiar effect of railway travelling which we do not remember to have seen noticed. We allude to the influence it has upon our ideas of time. The transit seems to lengthen our days in the same proportion that it shortens our distances. A journey that formerly cost our ancestors eight days to take is now easily compassed in one, and thus a clear week is added to the sum of our existence ; an addition, which occurring so fre

quently, in a man's life must be a matter of no little moment. You leave London in the midst of a sunny summer afternoon, and are yet time enough to behold the sunset off Dover. Verily, it is a strange bewilderment of the calendar, and it requires all the paraphernalia of a bed and a nightcap to bring the imagination even with the almanack. The cycle of time, like those odd-looking little bands of vulcanized Indian rubber, seems to have become so capable of expansion as to embrace anything or everything. You can make one day contain the incidents of six—with a stretch.



We have had a little connexion with railways at different periods, and as we were presumed to possess some influence, numberless applicants have solicited our "vote and interest" for situations on the railroad. One of the modest missives we then received ran as follows:

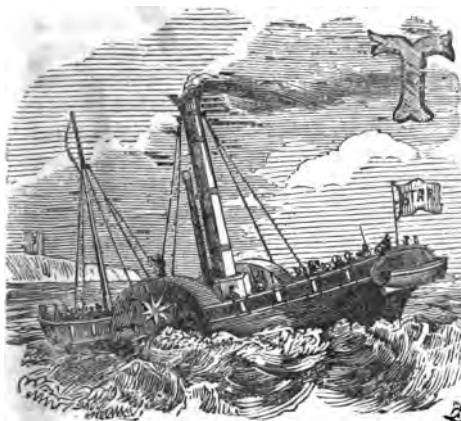
"Sir,—Could you do me the favour of getting me one of those places where they pay you half-a-crown a day to see the passengers pass along the line?"

We believe, therefore, these civil posts are in no inconsiderable demand.

## CHAPTER VII.

### STEAMBOATS.

"O'er the dark waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear the billow's foam,  
Survey our empire and behold our home!  
Oh! who can tell, save he who's heart hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way."



HERE!  
what  
would  
our  
ferry-  
loving  
ances-  
tors  
say  
could  
they  
start  
from  
their  
sleep  
of cen-

turies and behold the Thames instinct with  
vehicular existence? Their favourite ri r

once only rippled by the intermittent oar of an isolated waterman, now churned into showers of perpetual spray by the ceaseless paddles of a hundred steamers, and made the great aqueduct of a myriad of daily voyagers. The stream, on whose placid bosom erst floated the galley of a Raleigh, and the wherry of a Burleigh, is now gashed by the cutting of a "Diamond," and emblazoned by the setting of a "Ruby." The hoarse sound of a tobacco-loving urchin, lustily demanding his "back-her—stop-her!" usurps the recollection of the quaint old madrigals, and instead of hearing the invite of "oars to Ranelagh" from the lips of a sturdy waterman, we have the mystic injunction of—"Turn her astarn, easy," shouted forth from the larynx of a hoarse intruder, who scrambles out a coil of damp rope at the very instant your feet are entangled unperceived in its mazy intricacies. But, with a full conviction of the true philosophy contained in the old Caledonian proverb, we will let "by-gones be by-gones," and content ourselves with letting description begin—like charity and the late memorable Matthews—"at Home."

Did you ever, speaking technically and Polytechnically, see the exhibition of the Hydro-Oxygen Gas Microscope? Do you remember that little drop of water magnified—Cocker only knows how many million times—with its myriads of crowded restless inhabitants,

all pushing, squeezing, running, scrambling, hurrying, skurrying past each other, here there, and everywhere at once? Do you recollect the busiest and most energetic of them all—pointed out by a gentleman with a low base voice, and a long white wand as a specimen of the *monoculi*—how he was a little fellow evidently with an umbrella in one hand and a carpet-bag in the other, and how he first pushed his way up the dist in one direction, and then scrambled away in another, and how all the rest, not seeming to care a jot, either for him, or anything, or anybody else, were all in perpetual motion scrambling away on their own account, and scudding through the water as if it were a matter of intense importance which should get to some indefinite place first?—if you recollect all this—for we have got a long-winded paragraph here which must be wound up somehow—if you recollect all this, we say, you have a capital notion of a summer's morning among the steamboats to begin with.

Whether you patronise those eccentric funnels with an elongated three of diamonds running up their sides, or adopt those with the reduplicated white rings, is a matter of little consequence to our present mission. We pass onwards with an observant eye to the objects that throng upon our gaze, and familiar as we have grown with them, there is



always a kind of winning freshness visible, that invests each with an air of novelty. Let us trace a few on our route down the river from Hungerford?

Long rows of buildings varied by pleasant strips of green sward, and occasional narrow glimpses of the busy thoroughfare of the Strand beyond, first engage our attention. Then with a gurgling sweep under the dark arches, we pass beneath the bridges vibrating with the ceaseless traffic that is pursued above, and dotted alone the balustrades with human heads, lingering there like a reminiscence of the days of universal decapitation. Then come the huge wharves and granaries along the banks—mighty places of marvellous architecture, with projecting warehouses tumbling out wildly into air at the precise point where second-floor windows are usually situated in buildings of primitive construction. There we behold cranes—lankier and longer-necked than we ever see elsewhere, continually fishing up sacks and barrels from barges beneath, and men, standing on dangerous ledges, stowing them away with untiring energy. Shrinking behind the walls of such places, you may mark at intervals some solitary tree, crouching down with its branches, and seeming to be, as well it might, ashamed of finding itself in such a position. There are curious old taverns, too,—peculiar to the river's side—with great bulging

bow-windows hanging over the water, and crazy sign-boards swinging solemnly above the muddy bank, with some indefinitely-suggestive symbol, the very source of which is a problem to unravel. London Bridge behind us, and a perfect forest of masts belonging to ships of all sizes and all nations, looms out in the pool. Steamers, that in less than forty hours will be within sight of Antwerp, or traversing the Rhine; copper-visaged sailors bending lazily over the sides of outward-bound vessels, and looking with contempt on the smaller craft that pass beneath; dingy coal-whippers jerking out measures of coal from grimy colliers into gritty barges; drowsy individuals with red noses and nightcaps to match, smoking dreamy pipes through fore-castle windows, and steward's boys industriously swabbing drenched decks above—these, and the many other incidents encountered about the neighbourhood of the docks, are never scant of attraction. Then follows the long line of stunted pollards fringing the waters' edge, and wedging between their branches the shattered boards that mark the distance traversed. Then glorious old Greenwich—that somehow or other we get prouder of every time we see it—and then Blackwall with its white-bait dinners, and squeezed out pier, spreads along to our sight; a fresher breeze on turning the point, and Woolwich with its endless crowd of

soldiers and shipping is hurried past ; dreary wastes of marshes dotted with ruminative cattle ; quiet Erith, pleasant Purfleet, villa-spangled Greenhithe, and Gravesend, which rambling Londoners have made their own—all successively lead on to the broader expanse of the Nore, and lastly, the channel margined with its many watering places of “ mark and likelihood,” receives us on its glassy bosom. Who loveth not thus to explore the wayward windings of the Thames ? We believe the code of signals adopted by the river steamers had its origin from the conventional combination of the coptic Priests who assisted in the celebration of the Eleusinian mysteries. Thus “ *Bacca* ” is still the evident relic of an apostrophe to Bacchus—“ *Eza* ” or “ *Ease her*,” as it is now corrupted, the symbolized form of the path of the sun ; E being the myth of the equinox, when the days and nights are of equal length, as typified by the uniformity of the letter ; Z the serpentine course of the sun through the heavens ; and A the worshipped form of the mystic triangle, originally derived from the Hindoos. The manipulations of the captain are manifestly from the same source ; the progressive or retrograde motion of the hand being the primitive mode among the Brahmins, of ascertaining “ what’s o’clock ” by the sun’s shadow. We know this reveals profound learning upon our parts.

out we are still diffident, and devoid of pride notwithstanding. Extremely so. An instant descend into the engine-room and behold the swarthy, sooty demon, that is the primary mover of the whole machine. He



lives in an atmosphere to which that of the Black Hole of Calcutta was a breezy paradise; he inhales carburetted hydrogen in a state of poisonous purity; yet is he content with his calling, and desires not to change his state. He shovels on coals, and—fulfils his mission.


On board these steamers there are always a few stereotyped characters belonging to certain recognised classes. The most prominent perhaps is the knowing gent, who, directly he gets on board, will perch himself upon the wooden railings at the side, and taunt unoffending rowers in wafer-like wagger-boats with

not being able to keep up with him. He puzzles timorous scullers who are making their first appearance in that character by a direction to look behind them for the crabs they have caught, and amuses himself with similar diverting pleasantries. He bows furiously to imaginary acquaintances in passing steamers, and desires to be remembered by them to fictitious personages in unknown regions. He badgers the boy who keeps blinking at the captain, and bawling directions to the engine-men, with a desire that his compliments should be presented to the stoker, and that he should like to know whether they felt it cool and comfortable down there. Inspired by the little brown label that sets forth the refreshments to be obtained of the steward, he wildly goes in quest of that mysterious personage, and



lustily demands the obligation of "a pint of champagne with the chill off." Indeed his facetiousness developes itself so abundantly in so many ways, that we have not space to include them in our chronicle. Then there is the impatient couple who are always too late, and who are invariably left behind upon the pier-head, struggling with the wind, somewhat after the fashion of the cartoon on the page preceding.

Another, familiar to most of us, is the inquisitive passenger, who waylays every unfortunate straggler with such interrogatories as "What are they going to do with Westminster bridge?" and, "What is to be placed in the empty towers on Hungerford?" always imagining that some great event is also coming off on the river, of which he is tantalisingly kept in profound ignorance. The indignant personage, too, is very frequently encountered; he continues in a condition of fearful ferment from his first embarking until his last exit, and is periodically breaking forth into soliloquies of remonstrance upon the many stoppages and the over-crowding of the boats. But few interest us more than the servant-girl who has got a holiday, and who goes by the boat to meet her sweetheart with the indispensable white handkerchief, that is never unfolded, crunched up in one hand, with the cheap parasol that is never closed elevated in the other. How she marvels at the captain's



dexterity of communication with the man at the wheel, and wonders whether every naval commander can talk with his fingers like that ; how benignantly she smiles on the pier-attendant who hands her across the narrow plank, and how indescribably proud she is when the ticket collector addresses her with "now then, Miss," and she withdraws the little slip of coloured paper from her glove, with a fluttering degree of trepidation quite engaging to behold. And then the breakfasts on board these steam-boats—when you start early on a bright warm morning, and have an appetite whetted by the salt breeze to a sharpness of edge that you rarely gain elsewhere. How tempting the ham, how fragrant the steaming coffee, how magnificent the ribs of beef, sinking in oppressed majesty beneath an avalanche of parsley and horse-raddish ! The day passes deliciously away—the packet is close to the pier. Recognitions from those on board are met by acknowledgments from those on land. Passengers, porters, touters, hampers, packages, carpet-bags, and congratulations follow each other fast and numerous. But another half-hour and all is again quiet, save the dreamy sound of the waves breaking on the shingles, and the occasional whirring of the sea-gull as it dips its wing in the waters now bathed in the lustre of the setting-sun.

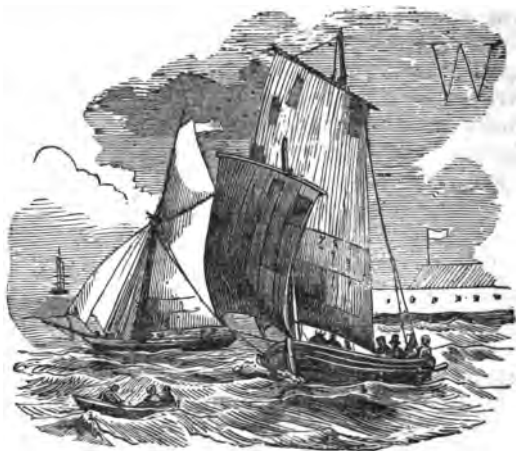
But we must tarry no longer on details.

Other phases of metropolitan transit demand our space; and, having borne the reader on the dusky wings of steam to some sequestered spot, "far from the maddened world's ignoble strife," we will here leave him to enjoy his siesta on the sands, thinking "unutterable things," and drowsily musing over Alfred Tennyson's glorious lines:—

"Who would be a merman bold,  
Sitting alone, singing alone,  
Under the sea with a crown of gold  
On a throne!"







## CHAPTER VIII.

### MARINE EXCURSIONS.

"Down the steep path I wound  
 To the sea shore,—  
 The evening was most clear  
 And beautiful,  
 And there the sea I found,  
 Calm as a sleeping child in dreamless slumber bound."  
 SHELLEY.

WE consider the essentials of a watering-place may be alliteratively summed up thus:—

Sea, salt, sun, sand, shrimps, shells, sailors, and shingle. We believe that the most acute analysis would fail to detect a primitive ele-

ment not there given. The male portion of humanity, included in the visitors, will by the same chemical process become resolved into straw-hats, buff-slippers, and cigar-cases. There is not a jetty or a pier-head on the coast but will furnish the specimens.

The ordinary amusement of the visitors is bathing.

A bathing-machine is an aquatic caravan, containing respectively two towels, two rickety hat-pegs, a damp flooring, a strong smell of seaweed, and a broken looking-glass, exhibiting the phenomena of oblique refraction. Though this last cannot be exactly considered the "glass of fashion," it frequently exhibits the "mould of form" about to have a dip.

To rise betimes of a bright summer morning, to invest oneself negligently in loose, cool, and comfortable clothing to walk steadily and quietly to the sea-side, to undress in one of these amphibious vehicles, whilst the music of the waves dashing against the ponderous wheels, or gurgling through the crannies in the wooden steps, greets your delighted ears—to plunge headforemost into the sea sparkling in the rays of the rising sun, and then—

"To fling the billows back from the drenched hair,  
And laugh from off the lip the audacious brine,  
And then to plunge with wanton spirit down  
Into their green and glassy gulphs, and make  
Our way to shells and seaweed in their depths  
With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep  
The long suspended breath—"

then to resume our abandoned habits—stop! that's a slip of the pen—then to resume our left-off clothing and feel the ecstatic glow exhilarating the whole frame, is the apex of enjoyment—there is not a luxury in nature to compare with it. As for the breakfast that follows, it is a positively alarming subject to speak about—it can only be properly described by the eloquence of silence.

And then the ladies—generally such giggling graces in their girlhood!—with their flowing sea-dresses, and their curiously close caps,



beneath which the obstinate curls will rush stragglingly forth—to see them cautiously stepping down the little stairs of the machine into the arms of two aquatic gentlewomen who receive them. Whish! Flop! There's a plunge beneath the

onward rolling wave—a little breath and another plunge—a further respite and a third plunge, and then—all is over.

The continental bathing-machines are sentry-boxes on wheels. In France—no! Sterne, 'hey do not manage THESE things better in

France—huge, clumsy men, in greasy flannel gaberdines, usurp the office of our feminine Tritons. The husband coolly surrenders his wife to their charge, and ascends a rock above water-mark to behold the bathing process carried on in the distance. We remember a gay Parisian adventurer, who knowing the custom of his country, disguised himself in this manner, and had the felicity of bathing an English heiress who had also arrived only the day before at Boulogne to spend the honeymoon. The result was an elopement,



before the astonished eyes of her hopeless husband, and with the accompanying sketch made by our artist, who was on the beach, we make the hint a present to the reader.

A pleasant pastime, peculiar to marine excursionists, is the collection of shells and seaweed gathered on the beach. Odd specimens of conchology are thus occasionally disinterred, and curiously-shaped chimney ornaments furnished for future inspection and retrospection. A singular circumstance, worth recording, once occurred to a friend of ours, whilst prowling

ing about among the cliffs for this purpose. He had dined—as people only *can* dine at watering-places—and to prevent any unpleasant effects from repletion, he had endeavoured to promote digestion a by series of cool tumblers of punch, and a long stroll out on the sands. It had been a warm sunny afternoon, and, isolated under the beetling brow of a craggy cliff, he sat, in the fulness of his placid enjoyment, dreamily musing over the strange variety of shells he had picked up, and pondering on their transformation into complicated cats, baskets, and diminutive fish-women, usually fashioned from these articles, amid other mantel-piece montrosities. Whilst thus blandly blinking at the setting sun, as its broad disc slowly sank behind a fishing smack that loomed afar off in the crimsoned horizon, he felt a drowsy sense of harmony steal upon his ear, and surrendering himself to the influence of the time and place, he became lost in a profound reverie.

Gently then arose from the beach a low hushed strain of melody, like a whispered song,—but gradually deepening to a bolder tone as our friend bent his head more earnestly to listen. He saw nothing—perchance his eyes were dazzled by the ruddy glare of the sun on the waves—but this was what he first heard:—

LAY OF THE LOBSTER.

Deep in the tangled sea-weed's cells,  
Where emigrant sunbeams only settle,  
The lingering lobster laughingly dwells,  
The tenant-at-will of some old fish-kettle;

Crawl in, crawl out—what a motly rout,  
 Of bottle-nosed porpoises poke their snout  
 Into my home, but they go as they come,  
 For very few know what a lobster 's about!  
 Waddle and toddle through shingle and weed,  
 What a corkscrew life does a lobster lead!

And the crustaceous chorus echoed along the  
 cliffs—

“Brawling and crawling through shingle and weed,  
 What a corkscrew life does a lobster lead!”

Then in a bland mellifluous strain of harmony  
 did our friend hear the cheerful

CANZONET OF THE COCKLE.

I am a jolly cockle,  
 And a glorious life I lead;  
 Making my bed of shingle red  
 Under the green sea-weed.  
 Over the briny waves,  
 Under the slimy sand,  
 Where worms have batted on fishermen's graves,  
 Or delved their own in the Strand—  
 On I whirl—a son of the sea,  
 Carving my bright path joyously!  
 A respectable black is my garb,  
 Turned up with a white cravat,  
 And pilgrims long, as they tell in song,  
 Have borrowed my shape for a hat;  
 Whirl, and wind, and wobble,  
 Whisk, and wriggle as well,  
 Those who look in for a gobble,  
 Had better look out for the shell,  
 On I whirl, a son of the sea,  
 A jolly old cockle as ever could be!

And the crustaceous choristers took up the  
*refrain* as before, until attention was solicited  
 by a tenor on a tour for the

SONG OF THE SHRIMP.

Twiggling twisting, twirling,  
 Wreathing my brow with the foam,  
 Where breakers are wildly whirling,  
 The scavenger shrimp is at home!  
 Twiggle and twist and twirl!

With head all feelers, and knees  
 Bedizened in forest of pikes.  
 A fishy *chevaux-de-frise*,  
 On a body impaled on spikes,  
 Chasing the light of the sunbeams bright,  
 Or hiding in sea-weed limp,  
 What dandy so fine in our world of brine,  
 As the swaggering scavenger shrimp!

And again did the chorus reverberate along the shore, and the wondering waves raised their green heads to listen as another shell-fish songster joined the vocal throng, and the melody became wedded to this—the pensive

POETRY OF THE PERIWINKLE.

Adown the depths of ocean's halls,  
 Illumined by a sunless glow,  
 The *Peri* to her lover calls,  
 Inviting love to dwell below;  
 There in a bower with coral hung,  
 The winkle sings the live-long day,  
 And ever as to him she clung,  
 He thus would soothe her griefs away,  
 Fear not, dear, to dwell within,  
 For winkles here defy the pin!"

Love, the poets sung of old  
 In a roseate bower dwells,  
 But those bards we could have told,  
 Love, like lime, is found in shells;  
 And when the shining scales, that seem  
 Like stars of ocean, round us twinkle,  
 'Tis *Paradise* (well Moore might dream  
 So truly) and the *Peri*—winkle.  
 Pots may boil and pins may double,  
 Winkles won't repay the trouble."

And at this touching allusion to their domestic misfortunes a plaintive outcry—very like a wail—burst from the dark abyss of the waters beneath, and our friend awoke, listened, and heard no more. The laughing lobster. the

convivial cockle, the swaggering shrimp, and the pensive periwinkle, had again sunk into the sand.

We do not say that every marine excursionist may thus hear the songs of the shellfish, but certain we are, from what our friend communicated to us, that strange sights and sounds at sunset are not unusual with those who linger late upon the beach. But as a preparatory regimen is requisite, we advisedly throw out a quiet hint that copious potations of cold whisky punch on a hot day will be most likely to produce the desired effect. At all events it may be worth while to make the experiment.

Marine excursions have latterly meant, instead of a day's trip to Ramsgate, a fortnight's tour to the Mediterranean. The passengers are involved in a sort of marine pic-nic, and pay pretty handsomely for their participation. Scarcely have they however got out of sight of the north Foreland, before sundry abdominal disturbances begin to prevail, and they retire to their berths with dreadful misgivings. For any prospect they behold on their voyage an incarceration in the Bow-street Station House would be equally advantageous. Perhaps one learned archæologist will recover about the time they reach the Archipelago, and lay in a stock of articles of *vertu*, bought at a reckless outlay from one of the Greek vendors of such



relics. He will have them carefully stowed away upon the deck, and pointing to the fragment of a ruined column, will exclaim delightedly to the captain :—

“Look! what I have bought—they cost me so-and-so.”

And the captain will smile.

“What? do you not consider them genuine originals?”

And then the captain will reply :—“Perfectly original! *I know the man that makes them!*”

And after that the archæologist will change the destination of his marine excursions.



## CHAPTER IX.

### MINERAL WATERS.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

BEN JONSON.



ALTHOUGH we have occasionally wandered to the continent yet with the waters of Baden - Baden, the Spas of Aix, the hot springs of Johannisberg, or the

colder products of Silesia's Gräfenberg, we have no intention of interfering. It neither belongs to our province to analyse foreign waters, nor the motives of those who drink them. For ourselves, we have no partiality for lucifer-boxes dissolved in water, nor do we particularly admire the taste of diluted flat-irons. The ocular process of imbibing recommended by rare Ben Jonson in our motto, is the only mode of drinking these potations

which we patronise. We have frequently heard the most eminent physicians earnestly recommend a troublesome patient to "go to Bath;" but we have never felt the slightest anxiety to adopt the suggestion ourselves. We once saw a gentleman's face after the first gulp of the saline spring at Spa, and we have never forgotten it. We attempted from memory to make a sketch of it for an artist, but the very sight of even our vague outline produced such a disagreeable impression that he disappeared immediately, and we have never seen him since. As, therefore, this is the only chapter not warranted from personal experience of its contents, we will merely confide to the reader our firm and unalterable conviction that—hush! whisper—our decided opinion that—are you quite sure there is nobody listening?—our inflexible belief—have the kindness to double lock the door—that the chief support of all medicinal waters—will be found—a pump. .



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## CHAPTER X.

### THE CUSTOM HOUSE OFFICER

"England expects that every man,  
This day will do his duty."

NATIONAL LYRIC.



CUSTOM-HOUSE officials can always be recognized by their physiognomy. There is an identity of visage with them all which cannot be mistaken. The eye is a piercer, the nose a note of interrogation, the mouth a volcanic crater, dreadful for curiosity to contemplate. He is the *Aphis Vastator* of the coast, — whenever he manifests his presence the fruits of a quiet trip to the continent are destroyed. When he looks upon a conscious contrabandist you feel the glance dart diametrically through the fourth

button of your vest, and come, burning its way out, on the other side. His nose, acute in olfactory prescience, detects the two bottles of *Eau de Cologne* that you have balanced perpendicularly in the tops of your capacious Wellingtons, and the odour of a fraudulent flask of cognac, or a surreptitious cigar, will rise in unflinching judgment against the possessor. You never know the extent to which that nose will run. You are stricken with dismay, and no longer let "concealment like a worm i' the bud" feed on your damask cheek. You stop not to be taxed with the goods—you confess, and let the goods be taxed for themselves. You think of the lace-bordered handkerchiefs that you brought over the channel and put under your cravat, and then you think of the nose of the custom-house officer, and feel assured that those fragile fragments of cambric will be brought before it—that every handkerchief will be scented. And then you apologise by the frequency of the custom for the evasion of the duty—but all in vain; the Tamerlane of the tariff, the Genghis Khan of carpet-bags, smiles not upon the venial fraud, but with one eye to the revenue and another to his office, he regards your excuse as the "baseless fabric of a vision," and "leaves not a wreck behind." When these gentry turn out the trunks of a tourist we feel convinced it is with the best possible intention. It is for the

purpose of humbling and correcting married women who leave their husband's shirts un-mended, and their wrists devoid of buttons.



In the interior of France the examination of passports is entrusted to the Gendarme of the department, a high and mighty personage, who combines in his own person the duties of rural police, National Guard, and examiner of passports. Well does the Gendarme know the policy of his government. He is perfectly aware that a passport costs two francs, and consequently the more heads there are, the greater the number of francs that will roll into the state exchequer. This renders the Gendarme positively intractable in the matter of passports.

Amongst the millions of individuals who are constantly travelling through the continent, there are some thousands who possess mouths of a middling size and noses of the same indefinite character. It would be a perplexing task to give verbal distinctions. In this opinion the Gendarme perfectly coincides. In due form he has said "Gentlemen, your passports;" and every one has tendered the page stamped with the royal arms. His eye wanders over the column descriptive of the party to whom it has been granted, and as it would be utterly useless to consult it, since it is no description at all, the Gendarme contents himself with looking serious, and humming so as not to be heard, some fragment of a Gallic song:—

"Toujours Jamais certainement—"

then he stops—glances from the column of description to the face of the traveller, and continues gazing on the paper and humming as before:—

"Toujours—vive la Bagatelle—"

a third glance from the bottom to the top and again from the top to the bottom, and he takes the passport from another traveller, and recommences his *Marseillaise* of "*Toujours jamais*" as before.

The best proof we can offer that the passport resembles no one, and that no one resembles his passport, is the embarrassment which is experienced by the Gendarme when it

is necessary for him to return to each person his papers. The official loses himself in the forest of black hair, gets entangled in the maze of moderately-sized mouths and middling noses, and absolutely bewildered by the multitude of round chins. So, after shuffling them up, he usually ends by asking each passenger to select his own—a process not altogether unlike that of a conjuror, who spreads out a pack of cards before you like a fan, and asks you to “take any card” for your amusement.

Science will in a few years abolish all this absurdity of passport carrying and exhibiting. It is this everlasting annoyance—this constant concomitant of custom-house regulations—this involver of delays of all kinds—that makes a traveller think of the snail-like examination he will undergo by the folks at Folkestone, and wishes himself again—*at home*.





## CONCLUSION.



UR pen hath travelled onward to the last page, and we here stop not for want of matter, but for want of space. Sterne has said,—“writing, when properly managed—as you may be sure I think mine is—is but a different name for conversation. As no one who knows what he is about in good company would venture to talk all, so no author who understands the just boundaries of decorum and good-breeding, would presume to think all;—the truest respect which you can pay to the reader’s understanding is to halve this matter amicably, and *leave him something to imagine in his turn as well as yourself.*” Need it be added, that we are quite of the opinion of Sterne. VALE!



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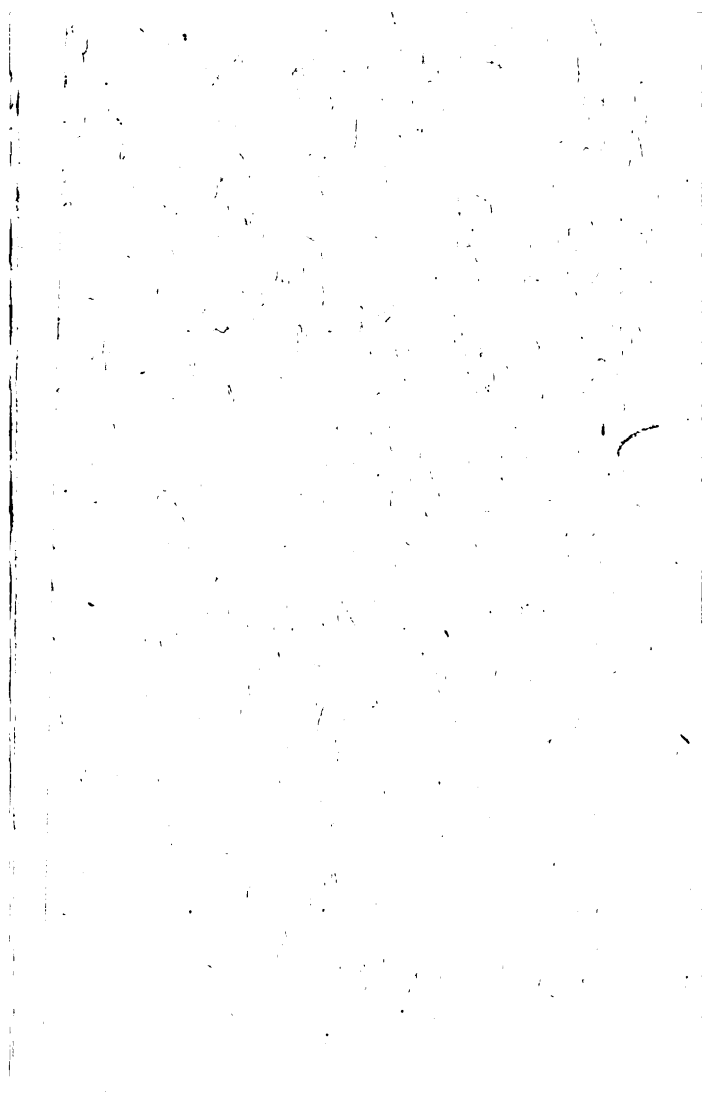
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